

THE
Church of ENGLAND's Joy
ON THE
Happy Accession of Her Most Sacred Majesty
Queen ANNE,
TO THE
THRONE.

Published on the Glorious Day of Her *CORONATION*.



L O N D O N,
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TO
Her Sacred Majesty
ANNE
Queen of *England, Scotland, France*
and *Ireland,*

This Poem on Her MAJESTY's
Happy Accession to the Throne, is hum-
bly Dedicated by

Your Majestie's
Most Obedient, most Devoted
Subject and Servant.

To the QUEEN.

MY Muse, thy Ambition cease; beware,
 In silence gaze, and struck with awfull fear;
 Keep th'unruly Joy within thy Breast ;
 The Theme's too high, nor can it be exprest.
 See the Great Bards *Apollo's* self inspires,
 All tremble when they touch their tunefull Lyres.
 Then well may I the Lofty Task forbear,
 The Thought's enough to drive me to despair
 Did I not know that Mercy's center'd there.
 The Rapture then no longer I'll conceal,
 But all the pleasure of my Soul Reveal.
 As my first Lines beneath her Feet were laid,
 And since my constant Vows have still been paid ;
 So ardent Prayers shall Eloquence supply,
 And Wing'd with Zeal my daring Muse will fly,
 To distant Worlds, and to the vaulted Sky.
 Assist thou God of Verse the Glorious Song,
 The joy of every Heart, and pride of every Tongue.

To loud Triumphant lays tunie every Voice,
 And let the general Word be now *REJOICE*.
 Let Universal Joy take its glad round,
 And nothing sad in *Britain's* World be found.

A Native QUEEN in all her pomp appears,
 To crown our Hopes, and dissipate our Fears.
 A QUEEN within our Church's Bosom bred,
 And with her purest Doctrines taught and fed.
 A QUEEN Heaven's Darling and peculiar Care,
 Whose Blessings she pays back with Praise and Pray'r.
 Morals so Just, and with Religion joyn'd,
 Produce the greatest Acts, and prove the greatest Mind.

A peacefull Joy throughout the Nation flows,
 No Monarch ever reign'd so free from Foes.

The Hearts of all your Subjects you engross,
 Reviv'd by You they bury all their Loss.

Your Name dispells our Clouds of Grief away,
 Like the bright Sun upon that glorious Day,
 Which gave Illustrious Crowns and Sovereign sway.

To You blest Queen -----

That Morn for ever shall remember'd be,

Like that great Day in ancient History ;

In which the Cross was shown to Constantine,

Wearing a Motto writ by Hands Divine,

Which bid him Fight and Conquer in that Sine.

The Eighth of March will have an equal Fame,

We 'ave *in hoc Vince* now in ANN's Name.

Phæbus rose early, and drove swift to know
 From whence we had that radient light below ;
 Which when he knew, and saw the wondrous sight,
 Loth to depart though forward prest by Night :
 His loitering pace spoke his desire to stay,
 And make Eternity but one long Day.

The

The early Spring foretold our present Bliss,
 Each Flower peep'd forth to share our happiness,
 And we who *Northward* mov'd so fast before,
 Are now with *Eastern* Beams all cover'd o're:
 In Trees the Birds may shady Mansions find,
 All Nature seems as if her self design'd,
 To suit the Season to *A N N*'s bounteous Mind.

Her Mind so vastly good, so wondrous great,
 By Heaven adapted equal to her State.
 The Noblest *Romans* She does parallel,
 Nay even all their pious Acts excell.
 For show me one such Liberal Gift of theirs,
 As *A N N* distributes to maintain the Wars.
 Religion's made her sole, her darling Aim,
 And Gold less valu'd than the Church's Fame.
 Her Love for *England* by her Care is shown,
 To keep their Wealth secure, she gives her own.
 A Deed unmatcht, so Noble, and so Brave,
 Exceeding far whatever *Roman* gave.
 Then cease you *Bards*, no more their Names prefer,
 Since all *Rome's Cæsars* were but Types of Her.

Redoubled warmth fires every Hero's Heart,
 They press and long to act the Souldiers part:
 In dusty Fields to purchase Deathless Fame,
 And keep the World in awe with *A N N A*'s Name.
 The Tract of Glory opens to my view:
 See all the Suppliant Kings for Friendship sue.
 They strike their Flags, and bow their Sceptres down,
 And fear the Queen's will prove the Universal Throne.

Let *Spain* beware, and guard her Diadem ;
 An *English Queen* is fatal still to them.
Eliza's Virtues all reviv'd in You ;
 Like Her you're lov'd, like Her you will subdue.
 I heard a Voice from off the *Galick Coast*,
 That cry'd my hopes of *Albion* now are lost ;
 For no repining Subject can I find,
England to *ANN* with one consent is joyn'd.
 They've gain'd what they for ever will embrace :
 Their Church's Champion, of the Martyr's Race.
 That Suffering Prince, whose Vertues will abide
 To future Times a lasting Pyramid.
 My Cause no longer will their Scruples feed,
 Since one so good does to the Throne succeed,
 For well I know that Island can't be won,
 Except at first she's by her self undone.

Hail happy **QUEEN** ! born to heal and to unite.
 Our private Heats now melt into Delight.
 Your Reign alone foretells a Downy Peace,
 Wealth ever waits on Piety's Increase.
 Division here will lose its hated Name,
 And Faction cease which set us in a Flame,
 Or only strive to raise bright *ANN*'s Fame.
 Jo's shall with repeated Joyn,
 Till Harmony on Earth resembles the Divine.
 From Pole to Pole the pleasing Sound shall fly,
IO REGINA be the Mutual Cry.

Envy draws back with all her snaky Brood,
 Dasht at the Scene of our approaching Good :
 With sleepless Eyes hides in her Bed of Night,
 Lashing her self at the amazing Light :
 Which breaking through adds terror to her pains,
 She hates the Sound that Nobleness proclaims :
 Her rage redoubles at the joyfull Breath ;
 She's only gorg'd with Ruin, Wars and Death.
 Compell'd she swelling Views times pregnant Womb,
 And bursts to see the crowding Wonders come,
 To view bright Conquest with her glittering Train,
 Adorn the Annals of a Female Reign :
 To see the first Eclipt' and far out done,
 As the pale Moon yields to the Rising Sun.

New Honours shall employ each busy Tongue,
 And *Bards* must leave what went before unsung ;
 For *ANNA* is the Loveliest only Theme,
 And lisping Babes untaught will bless the Queen.
 A Queen belov'd by Heaven, ador'd on Earth,
 Oh ! *Albion*, Mark the day that gave her birth :
 Grace it with all thy Art thy Isle can show,
 For to that Day our Happiness we owe.
 Each Century some Wondrous peice brings forth,
 By Nature finish'd of exceeding Worth :
 A Hundred rolling years Already past,
 Since by a *Heroine*, the Throne was grac'd :
 Yet still the well gain'd Laurels fresh remain,
 And the rich Glories of her Splendid Reign,

Before we quite have lost the former view,
We see it all restor'd in greater You.

Old time can ner'e Immortal *Spencer* wrong,
'Cause *Gloriana's* praise adorn'd his Song:
To Sing her Fame appear'd his only Care,
And pleasure too, for he begun and ended there.
Nor yet is *Spencer's* mighty *Genius* lost,
For many worthy *Bards* our Isle can boast;
Which now will emulating strive to raise
Their fame by writing in your Royal Praise.
Even his Muse, who great *Pastora* Mourn'd,
To the glad Notes of Joy shall now be turn'd;
Mounting aloft shall clap her Silver Wings,
When to Great *ANNA* she new Trophies brings.

Now Rear your Heads, look up you drooping *Nine*,
By *ANNA* you'l once again be stampt divine;
By Her advanc'd as in *Augustus* time.
The Justest Princes best of Patrons prove,
And Poetry is what the Angels Love:
For even they rejoice and Sing above.
The chief design of Poets is to show
The Heav'nly Raptures to the World below.
No Treason, Plots, nor black Conspiracies,
Did ever yet from Poetry arise:
For he that listens to Poetick Songs,
Learns thence the duty which to Crowns belongs.
Verse glads the Soul and leaves no sting behind,
No Anxious grief disturbs the Poets Mind;
He still is happy if his Muse is kind.

Now

Now lofty *Wind* for let thy Streamers play;
 Let all thy Flaggs proclaim the Glorious Day,
 Thy Queen will bless thee with continu'd Smiles,
 And Make thee Mistress of the Royal Piles.
 To *British* Kings thou art a darling Seat,
 A Structure fitting for their Large Retreat :
 Now *ANN* will make thy Famous hill Compleat.
 Where're She treads how pleasant is the view!
 All is improv'd and seems created New :
 The Palaces and Groves by her refin'd,
 Imploys the Genius, and Magnifies the Mind,
 That Heav'n to its Vicegerent has assign'd.

White-Hall in Ashes Mourns her lost estate,
 And sadly thus complains of rigid Fate.
 Yon Neighbouring Tower does every blessing keep,
 Whilst I neglected in my Ruins sleep.
 Will not my Royal Mistress me restore,
 To all the Grandure which I had before ?

Now turn, My Muse, and to the Consort Bow,
 Who has so Justly kept his Nuptial Vow.
 Hail Princely *Dane* ! far more than Monarch blest,
 He wants no Crown who reigns in *ANN*'s Breast.
 From ancient Stems the purple Chanel springs,
 We hope from you a goodly Race of Kings,
 That may defend our Church and Country's Cause,
 May Scourge Rebellion and support our Laws.

Hail ! Happy, Royal, most Illustrious Pair,
 Whose Loves and Lives, to after times stands fair.

Promis-

Promiscuous Vice shall hide her head with shame,
 And all her Proselytes at *ANNA's Name*
 Shall straight grow Chast and bless the Princeely Dame.
 Then hear me Heav'n, Crown all their Days with Peace,
 Grant to the wishing *VWorld* from them Encrease.
 Once more let *Albion* see a Royal Boy,
 To give to them, and to the Nation Joy.

F I N I S.